

AN
APPENDIX

TO THE
ACCOUNT OF ITALY,
IN ANSWER TO
SAMUEL SHARP, ESQ;

BY JOSEPH BARETTI.

L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR T. DAVIES, IN RUSSEL-STREET,
COVENT - GARDEN ; AND L. DAVIS AND C.
REYMERS, IN HOLBORN.

MDCCLXVIII.

A N

A P P E N D I X

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ACCOUNT OF ITALY

IN ANSWER TO

SAMUEL SHARPLESS

BY JOHN BATTIST

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A N
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T O T H E
A C C O U N T O F I T A L Y, &c.

AS Mr. Sharp has thought proper to give an answer to my *Account of Italy*, I beg leave to make a few remarks on the method he has followed in attacking me and defending himself.

To invalidate several of my objections to his *Letters from Italy*, he has quoted various passages out of a periodical paper, which not many years ago was published in Ve-

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nice,

nice, under the title of *Fruſta Letteraria*: and as I have had the chief hand in that paper, he begins his defence of thoſe Letters with ſetting it down as an uncontrovertible truth, that every thing in it is mine ; though the contrary is expreſſly affirmed in different parts of that work.

However, let every word in it be mine; ſtill Mr. Sharp ought to have had candour enough to inform his readers, that the *Literary Scourge* was not written in my own, but in an aſſumed character. It was written in the name and character of an old, ill-natured, and ferocious ſoldier, who is ſuppoſed to have quitted his native country when ſcarcely fifteen years old, and to have returned home no leſs than fifty years after his departure.

This

This Soldier is called *Aristarco Scannabue*; that is, *Aristarchus* the *Dunce-Killer*. By the Introduction, and still more by many passages in the work itself, it appears that this personage is drawn as hating almost every thing done in Italy, and approving almost of nothing but what is done abroad, especially in England and France. Of his arrogance and furliness there is never an end; and he can scarcely hearken to the kindest remonstrances of an honest Clergyman, who often attempts to argue with him on several subjects; and, by way of contrast, is represented as a plain man, who never would trouble his head about what is transacted abroad, perfectly satisfied with whatever is done at home.

This Clergyman, who is the only friend *Aristarchus* has in Italy, often endeavours to

temper the constant rage of his overbearing friend, and often represents to him the excellence of many Italian usages and performances. But his reasons make little impression : Aristarchus is positive : and as the homebred Clergyman is far from having the wit and the learning attributed to the Soldier, on the whole he suffers in the combat.

The old fellow thus little controled, goes on in his imperious and passionate manner ; cannot abide modern writers, and abuses them all when he speaks of them collectively : yet contradicting himself at every step (as hasty and hot-headed people are apt to do) he praises with great warmth many of them, when their works come individually under his eye.

He

He has owned in his first setting out, that he lost sight of his Countrymen when very young, and never stirred from the little village where he retired after his long peregrinations. His peevishness goes even so far as to declare that his style is formed upon the best French and English writers, and that he is not obliged for it to any Italian ancient or modern.

He detests all sorts of oddities and singularities, and declares for a submissive compliance with established forms of whatever kind they may be. Yet he disdains even the common dress of his country; and screening himself under a frivolous pretence of gratitude to a visir whom he knew in Persia, wears a long robe, a turban, and a sabre after the Persian manner; and even his cats and dogs he will have of the Angola and Newfoundland breed.

From

From this little sketch of the *Literary Scourge*, the English reader must perceive that Mr. Sharp did not act quite fair in making much use of it; as it is a work of the satyrical and dramatic kind; and that many of the reflections are put into the mouth of a singular and misanthropic character, in order to give propriety to that species of exaggeration, without which satire would be defective in spirit and poignancy.

Mr. Sharp might with equal justice have attributed to me the opinions and sentiments of the honest clergyman; since both characters were the creatures of my own brain. The clergyman admires, and the soldier hates almost every thing in Italy. Which of the two characters approaches most that of the man, who wrote the

Account of Italy? However, I would have disclaimed that of the clergyman too; because my account of Italy was not intended either as a panegyric or a satire; but as a simple narrative of facts, occasionally interspersed with political, moral, and philosophical discussions.

What would Mr. Sparp have said of me, for instance, if in an Italian account of England, I had treated his countrymen in the ill-natured manner he has done mine, and if called afterwards to task for it, I should collect the many sarcasms thrown upon their countrymen by numberless English writers? Suppose I had affirmed in such an account, that “ *the history of Great*
 “ *Britain during the last century, was only*
 “ *a heap of conspiracies, rebellions, mur-*
 “ *ders, massacres, revolutions, banishments,*
 “ *the*

“ the very worst effects that avarice, fac-
 “ tion, hipocrisy, perfidiousness, cruelty,
 “ rage, madness, hatred, envy, lust, malice,
 “ and ambition could suggest? That igno-
 “ rance, idleness, and vice are the proper
 “ ingredients for qualifying a British legi-
 “ slator? That a weak diseased body, a
 “ meagre countenance, and fallow com-
 “ plexion are the true marks of noble blood
 “ in England? That the imperfections of
 “ your nobility’s minds, run parallel with
 “ those of their bodies, being a composition of
 “ spleen, dulness, ignorance, caprice, sen-
 “ suality, and pride? That as for your
 “ commons, they seem to be a knot of ped-
 “ lars, pickpockets, highwaymen, and bul-
 “ lies? That the bulk of your people
 “ consists in a manner wholly of discoverers,
 “ witnesses, informers, accusers, prosecutors,
 “ evidences, and swearers, together with
 “ their

“ *their several subservient and subaltern*
 “ *instruments, all under the colours, the*
 “ *conduct, and pay of ministers of state and*
 “ *their deputies? and that vast numbers*
 “ *amongst you are compelled to seek your*
 “ *livelihood by begging, robbing, stealing,*
 “ *cheating, pimping, flattering, suborning,*
 “ *forswearing, forging, gaming, lying,*
 “ *fawning, besotting, voting, scribbling,*
 “ *star-gazing, poisoning, whoring, canting,*
 “ *libelling, freethinking, and the like occu-*
 “ *pations?*

Suppose further I had said, that “ *in this*
 “ *account I extenuated the faults of English-*
 “ *men as much as I durst, and upon every*
 “ *article gave as favourable a turn as the*
 “ *matter would bear?* And suppose, that,
 to justify this description of the English na-
 tion, I should say, that I have extracted it

word for word from one of the most eminent English writers? Nay, if I should go farther, and affirm, that the English nation itself has recognised the truth of this character by the prodigious applauses which they gave the book in which it is contained? Would my candour or good sense meet with any great degree of approbation amongst sensible people, whether Englishmen or foreigners? Every one knows how sanguine an admirer of his country Mr. Johnson is: but suppose that, in justification of my slander upon his countrymen, I were to cite him his own poem of London; would he not think me very cunning? Sure he would not be angry with me, because he would take me for a fool.

All nations would appear perfectly detestable, were we to consult only the writings
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of their satyrists and declaimers, many of whom still endeavour after the good of their countrymen, when they are enumerating their vices, and setting them off with the utmost energy. But Mr. Sharp ought to know what allowances must be made to works that are not of the historical kind; and he ought to know likewise, that books of travels, like histories, are, or ought to be, bound to the strictest rules of severe truth.

It looks therefore hardly fair, as I said, in Mr. Sharp to conceal from his readers the nature and tendency of the work which he brings in support of his assertions so injurious to the Italians, and so thickly scattered in his *Letters from Italy*. Of those assertions he has more than once protested very gravely, that they were not advanced

out of any ill-will to my countrymen ; but only because they were strictly adherent to truth and matter of fact. An Italian who reads the *Fruſta*, knows how and where to apply the general ſatyre and declamation contained in it : but an Engliſhman who reads Mr. Sharp's *Letters*, knowing nothing very poſitive about Italy, (which is, and muſt be the caſe with the generality of Engliſhmen) will not be able to make any diſcrimination between what is true and what is falſe in thoſe *Letters*, and upon the whole will think the Italians juſt ſuch as they are looſely painted by him ; that is, little leſs than ſo many devils : and the higher Mr. Sharp's perſonal character, the greater his countrymen's deception.

This is the uſe Mr. Sharp has made of a work, in which I was concerned. Whether
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any thing said by me in a declamatory way and in a feigned character will invalidate any thing contained in my *Account of Italy*, or support any thing asserted in his *Letters*, I must trust to the reader. Whatever the effect of his quotations may be with regard to his views, he has shewn however by some of those quotations, in how different a manner I have treated a respectable country, in which I had resided. My partiality to this nation was evident when I wrote in Italy about England; as in the *Frusfa Letteraria* I generally offered something or other out of England by way of perfect pattern,

Let us now pick a few of my pretended contradictions out of Mr. Sharp's Apology*,

* For brevity's sake I call *Apology* Mr. Sharp's pamphlet, intituled *A View of the Customs, Manners, Drama of Italy*, &c. printed for Will. Nicoll, &c. 1768.

and give a few specimens of his advocacy in his own cause. Where is, for instance, the contradiction between the account of the Roman Arcadia in my English work, and the rough criticism passed on the members of that Arcadia in my Italian work? The narrative in my English work, (independent of the historical pleasure it may afford) is intended to convey an idea to the English of the strong bent the Italians have towards any thing that is poetical: and the criticism in the *Frustra*, is an attempt to rectify many erroneous notions entertained by the Italians about pastoral poetry, whose abuse has by degrees been carried too far by the Roman Arcadians and their colonists. The same, *mutatis mutandis*, may be said of my English account of the *Crusca-Dictionary* and of the Italian censure passed upon several of its parts, which

which want *retrenchments*, as I phrased it in my very account of that dictionary. And where is the least contradiction in all this? Where the impropriety? Where the absurdity? Is Mr. Sharp fair in his attempt to make unwary readers suspect contradictions, improprieties, and absurdities where there is not the shadow of any?

But how could he not be sensible, that I palpably exaggerated when I said, that in Italy there are more writers than readers? And is it not wonderful likewise, that he did not find out I was palpably in jest when I brought the learning of Italy and that of Morocco very near upon a level? Who does not see this?

It is said in my *Account of Italy*, that we have numerous manufactures all over the country;

country ; that they are daily increasing in many parts ; and that it will be well, if those of England do not suffer at last by the encouragement that ours meet from our several governments. - To invalidate my remark, Mr. Sharp quotes a passage out of the *Frustra*, in which it is said, that some of the English manufactures are infinitely superior to those of the same kind in Italy. But is this a contradiction ? Are not both facts indisputably true.

I say in my *Account of Italy*, that Goldoni (a kind of second Antonio with Mr. Sharp) writes a bad language, knows nothing of our manners, swarms with obscenity and ribaldry, and is the poet of the rabble, which he amuses with show, and noise, and nonsense. Mr. Sharp quotes a passage or two out of the *Frustra* (he might have

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quoted

quoted fifty) where the same assertions are advanced. And where, in the name of wonder, is the contradiction? Indeed in the *Frustrâ* I have proved the truth of my assertion, which it was not necessary to do in my *Account of Italy*.

And what signifies Mr. Sharp's quoting Parini's satire on those batchelors, who happening to be rich, chuse to debauch another man's wife, or keep a miss, rather than marry? Did he not see that the satire would be proper in England, France, and every where, quite as well as at Milan? And that the vices of individuals are not to be considered as national characteristics?

Mr. Sharp advances in his Apology, that *I have lamented the discouragement under which learning lies in Italy*; and he quotes

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a passage

a passage out of my 13th chapter in order to prove this ridiculous charge upon me. But let him run over again that chapter, and he will find (if he understands my poor English) that it is an historical narrative, and no lamentation at all. It is observed accidentally there, that " Learning cannot
 " procure to its possessors so much veneration and so many advantages, either in
 " Italy or in England, now that it is grown
 " common every where, as it procured
 " when it was but in its infancy." And what has Mr. Sharp to object to this remark? To what end has he transcribed it in his Apology? Is it contradictory to any thing I have said any where else?

And to what end does he quote those words out of the *Frustra* in which I have ridiculed my countrymen for their general
 3 opinion

opinion, that their language is finer than the English? Does he intend to reprove me for the great esteem, in which I hold the language of his country? Or have I said any where in my *Account of Italy*, that the English language is inferior to the Italian? Have I contradicted myself so far? And why must I be reproached for having recommended the study of the English language to those same countrymen of mine, and encouraged them to translate the many good books that are written in it? Indeed it is hard to guess what Mr. Sharp would be at, and what point he wants to carry with those quotations!

But have I not repeated somewhere in my account of Italy what I had already said in the *Frustra*, that the ladies of England are upon the whole better educated, and con-

frequently more amiable than those of Italy? Where is the contradiction again? Where the reason for his quotation, and the matter for reproach? This uniform proceeding of mine (whether I write in Italy or in England) proves very conclusively, that I love truth even more than my fair countrywomen; and that I am not to be blinded by national partiality, not even in those cases where the generality of writers make not the least scruple to give way to that partiality.

And again: What does he quote the Abbé Richard for? The Abbé (of whom I know something more than Mr. Sharp seems to know) is an honest, learned, pleasing, and friendly man. He writes his language with great elegance and fire, has no unfavourable prepossession against the country he describes, and endeavours after truth as
much

much as he can. Many parts of his journey are far from being amiss. His observations (rather too many) on our pictures and statues, town-houses and country-houses, are in general not erroneous, especially as he made good use of the many Italian books upon such subjects. What he says of mount Vesuvius and the country about, is all very fine, and conformable to what had already been written upon the subject by our father della Torre, to whom the Abbé applied for advice and direction in his researches after the many natural phenomena in that country. Yet, considering him as a hasty traveller, (and such he was, having employed but a few months in his tour through Italy) Mr. Sharp knows, that the Abbé cannot be my oracle in point of customs and manners, as these are the two unlucky rocks on which all hasty travellers split. To give a just account of
 customs

customs and manners (I have said it over and over) requires such means, as few travellers have or can have; nor is ever to be done in haste. Mr. Sharp quotes him about the Lyons' heads in St. Mark's palace, and he might as well quote twenty other travellers who have said the same. Yet I tell him again, that in spite of all his authorities, he is mistaken, and I am not. I have lived seven years in Venice at different periods: I speak the Venetian dialect as fluently as my own; and (vanity apart) I have even some facility in writing verses in it. I have studied that government and the nature of that people with as much application as I am capable of, and have had all sorts of means for doing it. I have lived in the utmost intimacy with many foreign ministers residing there, and know almost every Venetian body that has a name, nobles, citadins, merchants,

and

and gondoliers : and I tell Mr. Sharp again, that the Lyons' mouths are full of dust and cobwebs, and that no information is carried at present through them. I am ready to believe him when he says (p. 56. of his Apol.) that *a merchant who resides at Venice, pointed out those Lyons, and explained their use to him.* Here he gives inadvertently a proof, that he did not know a word of Italian when he was playing the critick upon the Venetian dialect. To have *the use of the Lyons explained*, there was no need of a merchant's assistance. He wanted but to read the inscriptions over them, which are in capital letters, each inscription beginning with the words *denunzie secrete*, which are easily translated into *secret informations*. However, not only a foreign merchant, but many native ones, many nobles, many citadins, and numberless gondoliers would have told him the same, though
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the greatest part of them know the contrary. The generality of the Venetians have a notion, that it does honour to their government to tell this lye: and as to travellers and strangers of all sorts, there is no wonder if they repeat it one after the other. Those inscriptions are their vouchers, and they give themselves no further trouble of inquiry about it. Mr. Sharp may now believe what he pleases upon this subject. He has a will of his own.

But since I am speaking of the Venetians, whom Mr. Sharp has run down without any manner of discrimination for their dissoluteness, I must tell him again, that he knew little of the matter when he sat about characterising them in this particular. At Venice there are, to be sure, many vicious people both men and women, as it is the case in all
great

great sea-port-towns. However, let Mr. Sharp set it down as an infalible rule (and I beg his pardon for offering him a little piece of instruction), that wherever there are great vices, there are also great virtues. Besides the general effect of religious and civil education (which operates in Venice as it does every where else), if we listen attentively to our own sensations, we will find that vice in others is in general very disgusting, and that we abhor in others even those very vices that we have ourselves. Besides, the generality of mankind love to act in opposition more than they are aware; and this natural bent of the human mind and heart, operates so, that some turn virtuous because they see others grow vicious, or turn vicious because they see other virtuous. It seems in the first case, as if we were afraid of proving so disgusting to others as some prove disgusting to

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us;

us; and in the second, as if there was a degree of honour to be acquired in braving the good qualities that constitute a virtuous man.

This remark does no great honour to human nature, I own: but this is what nobody can help. And thus it happens in Venice, as well as in other great towns, where men are more at liberty than in small ones, that if the number of the vicious is great, the number of the virtuous is likewise not small. To decide which number is larger, I think it scarcely in the power of any man, be his acquaintance ever so extensive, and his sagacity ever so wonderful. This only I can say, that both in Venice and in London, where, being equally a stranger, I pick'd up acquaintance as chance threw them in my way, the number of the good

has

has proved incomparably larger than the number of the bad.

Mr. Sharp quotes again the Abbé Richard upon the subject of assassination : but he might have spared himself the trouble again. I have said in my *Account of Italy*, that our low people, far from being so desperately cruel and bloody as they appear in Mr. Sharp's book, they are compassionate, kind, peaceable, and shuddering at the sight of human blood. I added, that, when provoked, especially by their equals, they will instantly kindle ; and, forgetting these qualities, fall upon each other with their knives. It would certainly be better, as Mr. Sharp observes, if they were less fiery, and decided their quarrels with their own fists. But their natural fieryness does not imply that they are, as he says (p. 130

of his *Letters*) *prone to murder*; and his emphatical repeating of the words *assassin* and *assassination* ought only to have taken place upon his proving, that they are of a treacherous disposition, and apt to stab each other in consequence of a long previous deliberation. I appeal to each of his readers, whether, on his first perusal of Mr. Sharp's *Letters*, he did not conceive an horror for our low people, and if he did not look upon them as *naturally inclined* to commit the greatest of all crimes. When a reader is told, that a nation is *prone to murder*, and *addicted to assassination*, he instantly understands, by the words murder and assassination, *premeditated slaughter*; or, as your law-proceedings stile it, *killing with malice prepense*: that they are given to kill in consequence of a slow blood-thirsty revenge, or from avarice, or from some other motives

tives besides those of sudden fury. Duelling partakes more of the nature of such murders, than killing in sudden quarrels. Yet it would be conveying a false idea of a nation where that bad custom prevailed, to say that they were a people *prone to murder*.

Now Mr. Sharp in his Apology seems to recant in part his former strong affirmations, and that he intended to say no more in his book, but that *the only kind of assassination he ever heard of in Italy* was their sudden falling upon each other with their knives, and stabbing each other when they are seized by anger. Had he spoke so moderately at first; had he confined his remark to the Romans only, as the Abbé Richard has done; and not extended it to all the several nations of Italy; we would have been nearly
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of the same mind, and he would not have drawn upon himself what he calls *my heavy censures*. The debate would then have simply turned upon this point, Whether it is better to put to death all such criminals, or confine them in a galley, generally for life, as it is done by the law of Italy. I am told, that some difference is made in the law of England between such cases and murder upon premeditation. I know not how the matter is; and intended only in my *Account of Italy* to give the English a right notion of that fact, on which many travellers have thought proper to insist so much, and about which at length Mr. Sharp does not so greatly disagree with me.

But if Mr. Sharp wanted to quote that Abbé in his apology, why did he not quote his long panegyrics on the Milanese, the Bolognese,

Bolognese, and the Venetians? Why did he not fill a page with his praises of the Neapolitan nobility and gentry? Why did he not copy him where he expressly says (p. 75 and 226 of his 4th vol.) that in all the Neapolitan courts *justice is always strictly administered*, and that amongst that nobility and gentry there is *little gallantry and little love-intriguing*? This would indeed have invalidated his own account; but it would have been fair to let the reader know, that other travellers were not of his opinion. He ought to have quoted him where he says, that “ *la plupart des écrits qui jusqu’ à présent ont été fait sur l’Italie, sont pleins d’incorrections et souvent d’infidélités pour ce qui a rapport aux mœurs ou au gouvernement du pays. Ces auteurs n’y trouvent rien digne de leur attention que certains objets qu’ils voyent tous avec les* ”

“ *lunettes* ”

“ *lunettes que Miffon leur aournies.*” It seems as if Abbé Richard had read the *Letters from Italy* when he wrote these words. Mr. Sharp is always ready in his Apology to quote against me, no matter from what book. Yet he ought at least to be cautious enough, not to quote out of those, from which I might also get thousands of passages against his assertions and insinuations, if I was so desperate a quoter as he has proved in his Apology.

But while he is parading with his great knowledge of Italian customs, I will take the liberty of suggesting to him, (though with caution as a stranger) that he seems not thoroughly acquainted with those of his own country. He insists again, and with great ferocity (p. 50. of his Apol.) that our merchants and traders, along with their wives
and

and daughters, *are seldom or never admitted to the assemblies of our nobility.* Was this strictly true, it does no way shake any thing I said. He had observed in his *Letters*, that trade is detested in Italy, and that people become fiddlers and fingers to avoid the contempt it brings upon them. This I positively denied, and proved to be groundless. I showed, that many of our nobility are actually engaged in trade: I even named some of them, and asserted, that traders are not detested in Italy. I showed that they are much more valued than fiddlers and fingers; but I admitted that in general they did not rank with the nobility; neither do they in England. I know that the necessities of party frequently make a sort of connection between all sorts of people in this country. But Mr. Sharp's observation, that neither merchants nor

traders along with their wives and daughters are admitted to the assemblies of our nobility, implies very plainly that the English nobility customarily invite to their assemblies all merchants and traders indiscriminately, along with their wives and daughters. Yet, is it really so? Do the wives and daughters of eminent brokers in Change-alley, or of eminent cheefemongers in Cornhill, receive often invitations from duchesses and countesses “*to a party of cards on Thursday evening?*” The nobility of England carry it almost as high as that of any other country, except on such occasions as I mentioned; and Mr. Sharp’s insinuations to the contrary have no great foundation indeed.

In my *Account of Italy* I have called him to task for his assertion, that the Italian ladies are all educated in convents, and
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have arithmetically proved the impossibility of such a fact. Instead of answering something plausible, or retracting his assertion, (which would still have been the best method) he asks me with great briskness *and were are they educated then?* A puzzling question really? They are educated at home, as the English ladies were not many years ago, as some of them are still, and before the present mode was become so general of sending the greatest part to boarding-schools. Is my answer satisfactory? But he replies, that strangers do but seldom see any young lady in the houses to which they have access. To be sure! And where is the harm of not suffering them to be much seen by strangers, especially by those Englishmen, who, besides youth, liveliness, sense, and their fine figures, have money enough to buy themselves laced coats, and

not an immense number of scruples about them ?

Mr. Sharp seems likewise to disapprove of our custom, which does not allow to young unmarried ladies the frequentation of public spectacles and conversazione's. But where is the harm of this ? I have been told that the English did the same not many years ago ; and no stranger, I suppose, ever thought of blaming them for it. The custom is now changed ; and the change does not prove very pernicious : therefore both ways are good, and that is all.

Speaking then of the pretended convent-education in his Apology, (p. 64) he says, that in arguing the point I have *run into a difficulty, from which it will not be easy to extricate myself.* That page I have
read

read two or three times over ; but I own I do not well understand the second part of it, and think he has not expressed himself with his usual perspicuity. The only thing I can make of it is, that he has got these two notions. One, that *our younger brothers seldom marry, because they will keep the family-stock unbroken*: the other, that *all our unmarried ladies never miss the conversazione's and the public spectacles*. If he has got these two notions, (of which I am not quite sure, because really I do not well understand the second half of that page) I answer, that both notions are erroneous in a great measure.

As to the first, I say that our younger brothers (as well as the younger brothers of all countries) when they can get a share of the family-stock sufficient to maintain a wife,

wife, generally get a wife, and care but little for their elder brothers or their progenies. Mr. Sharp does too much honour to our younger brothers when he thinks them so very generous as to give up their share of the family-stock when it is in their option to have it. The frequent marriages of our younger brothers, who never lose nobility amongst us, is one of the causes, that we have so numerous a nobility all over the country.

As to the other notion that all married women never fail to be at the conversazione's and public spectacles, I say that many fail often. Those who are very pious or scrupulous ; those who have many children ; those who cannot afford great showiness of dress ; those who begin to be old ; those who love their own homes better than
those

those of others, &c. &c. generally abstain from crowded diversions. But I wonder Mr. Sharp should not comprehend the chief reason why in our *conversazione's* the men are generally more numerous than the women. He must have forgot his own remark, that unmarried women are seldom seen there, and he has not recollected that batchelors are not debarred from them.

Mr. Sharp has greatly mistaken me about the words *liberty* and *slavery* used in the fourteenth chapter of my *Account of Italy*; and a travelled man like him ought not to be guilty of so ridiculous a mistake. And does he really think, that an Italian, such as I am, could ever adopt so implicitly the notion of the English, as to bring himself to consider his own country as a country of slavery? Was he really not aware, that

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I made use of those two words in order to be better understood by the gross of my English readers, but without the least intention of disparaging my country so far as this would come to ?

I have indeed no great opinion of Mr. Sharp's politics or philosophy : yet I own I did not suspect him of being so absurd as to think me so supremely absurd to adopt such notions. The vulgar of all nations (the most barbarous not excluded) generally think their own constitution better than that of any neighbour. We, who live in the monarchical governments of Italy, are very far from believing slavery to be a good thing, and full as far from believing ourselves to be slaves. No man loves slavery, no more than poverty or diseases. We consider that sort of government as securing
us,

us, our liberty, and our property on as good terms as any other, and with as few inconveniencies as republics are under. I do not know whether we are in the right : but suppose we were in the wrong, still this is our opinion, and we are happy in it ; and can be so, notwithstanding Mr. Sharp's anger or pity. But his grave descanting on the *blessings of liberty*, has made me sensible, that when we talk to some people, we ought to follow the advice given by the peevish *Dunce - Killer* somewhere in his *Frustra*, where he suggests to writers to shun as much as possible that ingenious rhetorical figure, called Irony, because, says he, readers are often duller than you imagine, and apt to take the literal meaning instead of the ironical, much oftener than you could wish.

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However, that Mr. Sharp may not chicanery in his next pamphlet, and come upon me with some of those fine reasonings which are so acceptable at the Robinhood, and so welcome to the printers of the Gazetteer and the Ledger, I do declare here, that I will for ever think all Italians enjoying freedom, except when they are in jail; and declare farther, that, with regard to the British constitution, I will for ever honour it, and believe it to be the product of great wisdom. I am rather apt to admire such things than to censure them; and when I see an outrageous mob doing great mischief in England, I am not ready to pronounce you undone by your constitution. But whenever a conceited traveller sees a beggar, or goes over a barren heath in Italy, he is ready all at once to exclaim at the tyranny of the government, or the
roguery

roguery of the ecclesiastics. Pray, Mr. Sharp, if ever you write another book or pamphlet about Italy, take some notice of such travellers ; but let us have no more of the sublime stuff about *the blessings of liberty* and *the miseries of slavery*. Such sublime stuff may amuse yourself, and possibly some readers ; but it will give no body one useful idea of the country you would fain describe : and let me now speak a few words about a matter, which to me is of more importance, than any discussion about slavery and liberty.

To make my reader question my fidelity in transcribing from his book, Mr. Sharp says, that it is *customary with me* to use Italics for sentences not to be found any where in that book. As a proof of his charge, he affirms that he *never measured*

with his eye the amazing extent of the stage, (at Naples) nor the prodigious circumference of the boxes. These words, says he, are to be found in Baretti's *Account of Italy* as his own words, though they are not.

This accusation is very extraordinary, to say no worse; and I am surpris'd how Mr. Sharp could venture upon it. Let him look to page 78 of his 3d edition, and he will find, that there he has written the following words exactly as I transcribe them here. *The amazing extent of the stage, with the prodigious circumference of the boxes and height of the cieling, produce a marvellous effect.* And where is my infidelity in ridiculing his *amazing*, his *prodigious*, his *marvellous*, and other such sesquipedalian words thickly scattered throughout
his

his book ? And is this not measuring our stages, our boxes and our cielings with his eyes ?

Indeed, Mr. Sharp, I do not like to be thus accused and represented as a false transcriber. You said, page 70 of that 3d edition, that you could not look on our *fat priests* without thinking of our *starving laity* ; and I do not conceive myself as guilty of infidelity, where, alluding to these two expressions, I said (but without Italics) that
 “ you felt great compassion in surveying
 “ the bellies of the fat priests and the thin
 “ guts of the people.”

It is true I was guilty of a very insignificant oversight about travelling quick or slow through Savoy ; yet in that place I made use of no Italics. Every where else I have
 quoted

quoted you fairly, and made no wilful mistake, though you insinuate I made a great many. Nay, I was anxiously exact when the matter might be of importance to you; that is, when the alternative was, Whether you calumniated the Italians or not. You should not therefore have boldly affirmed, that it is *customary with me* to be unfaithful in my transcriptions and in my Italics. This is a breach of the laws of hostility, Mr. Sharp. Is it not enough that in this our battle you have the advantage of the ground? Indeed you ought not to seek for a greater. Deal your blows as thick and as stout as you can for the diversion of the spectators: I neither have, nor can have any objection to it: nay, I will even grant you the additional advantage of quoting, if you cannot well do without it. Fling at me the *Frustra*, the Account of Italy, your Letters,

ters, your Goldoni, the Abbé Richard, and the Gentilhommes Suedois as fast as you can; and even Addison, Burnet, Miffon, and Wright, if you think they will procure you some superiority over me. Will you have more? Bring even to your assistance (if you do not scorn such vile company) that most tremendous Scotchman, who has repeatedly shown so much good will to your cause in the Critical Review. But still, let us not poison our weapons, and say *the thing that is not*.

Yet after all, Mr. Sharp was not attentive neither when he perused the *Fruſta*, since he puts to me the question, *why I did not mention in it the name of Carlo Gozzi?*

In answer to this interrogation, I have the honour to inform him, that in the
Fruſta,

Fruſta, I have mentioned the name of that poet.

If he chuſes to verify my aſſertion, let him look to page 122. where he will find him named along with his brother Gaſparo. He will alſo find in the ſubſequent page, that I promiſed to ſpeak of his many writings in ſome future ſheet. It is true, I have not kept that promiſe. Yet Mr. Sharp will be ſo generous in his next pamphlet not to rebuke me for it, as he knows, or may know from the *Fruſta* itſelf, that a ſtop was ſuddenly put to that work againſt my will, for reaſons that are foreign to our preſent purpoſe. That work was therefore left imperfect; which is another reaſon why it was not pretty in Mr. Sharp to ſet it ſo furioſly againſt my Account

count of Italy, as he has done. Had it been brought to the end intended, perhaps the old soldier would have gone on worse and worse, heaped satire upon satire, and declamation upon declamation. But perhaps too he would have lowered his tone by degrees, and been brought at last to ask his countrymen pardon for his peevish contumelies and violent sallies. Besides, Mr. Sharp would have had in the last sheet the names and character of the several people, who had a hand in that work in conjunction with me, and amongst others he would have heard of one Doctor Reghellini (much known to his friend of the proclamation) who wrote the criticism on Nannoni's surgical book, which Mr. Sharp attributes to me with his usual assurance, without having any great foundation for so doing, and probably

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bably

bably knowing, that I never was conversant with surgery, and of course unfit to write criticisms upon it.

But I am sensible, that too long a debate, which must necessarily have a foreign periodical paper for its chief subject, cannot but prove unentertaining, and even irksome to my English readers, as in all probability not one of them ever heard the *Frustra Letteraria* mentioned but in Mr. Sharp's Apology. Dropping therefore the question so far as it regards that paper, might I ask a certain person, who sent an extract of that Apology to one of the public papers, what right he had to tax me there with incivility to Mr. Sharp?

That in my Account of Italy I have not treated him with the greatest reverence,
I am

I am ready to allow : nor believe I ever shall, if he does not ask pardon of the Italian ladies at least, for having used them so grossly as he has done. But the author of the *Letters from Italy* has no well-grounded claim to reverence and civility from any native of that country. Let a man be civil himself, and he will but seldom have reason to complain of incivility in others. Was Mr. Sharp civil to any class of people throughout Italy ? Was he civil to the Pope, when he treated him as one would a juggler and a mountebank, terming *a trick* even his most holy action of distributing portions to two hundred and thirty poor maidens ? Was he civil to the king of Naples when he caricatured his amusements, and talked of his *Lilliputian fleet* ? Was he civil to the king of Sardinia and the duke of Parma,

when he sneeringly said * their royalty to be mixed with such parsimony, as to let

* Mr. Sharp's precise words, page 282 of the third edition, stand thus. *Another instance, a striking one indeed, of parsimony mixed with royalty, is, that at this moment both in the gardens at Parma and Turin they are making hay in the small plots or partitions; and I should suppose the quantity is rather an object of shillings than of guineas.* Is this not a reflection upon the king of Sardinia and the duke of Parma, and a derision thrown upon their royalty? Mr. Sharp therefore was not warranted (page 80 of his Apology) to deny what I had said in the Account of Italy (page 216 of the 2d volume) that he makes the king of Sardinia *sell the grass that is cut in his garden.* This is disingenuity; this is an alteration of the truth; this is an imposition upon the reader. He may reply in his chicaning way, that the dirty parsimony was intended as a ridicule on the gardeners of either sovereign, and not on the sovereigns themselves. But still what has the sovereign's royalty to do with the gardener's parsimony? And are the sovereigns answerable for the

petty

hay be made in their gardens to get a few shillings? Was he civil to the grand duke of Tuscany, when he construed his charity into an injudicious encouragement of beggary? Was he civil, when he said over and over, that all our great people are cuckolds and strumpets, and all our little people murderers and assassins? Was he civil, when he spoke of our laws as wanting all sorts of vigour, and of our magistrates as

petty economical shifts of their servants, if that was the case? Royalty would indeed descend very low if it entered into such minute details! However, the fact is, as I said in my Account of Italy, that in the whole royal garden at Turin, the grass-plots are not altogether as large as South-Audley-square; and the keeping of them clean is not to be called hay-making. But Mr. Sharp was in a brown humour when he wrote his book, and said every ill-natured thing that came uppermost, without sparing king or beggar.

not

not knowing or not minding their duty? Was he civil, in short, when he abused our creed, talking of a wafer-god; when he grossly railed at our religious ceremonies; when he ran down our preachers; and when he threw out a multitude of innuendo's, that our nation is most perfectly overwhelmed with superstition, idleness, beggary, slavery, immorality, and nonsense? Is this his gratitude to a nation so kind to all strangers, as he says; to the English in general; and to him in particular?

A man, who spares no body, and forgets the rules of civility to so shocking a degree, has no great right, meseems, to complain when he gets a small rub from one of those, who are thus made the object of his ill-nature. The Reviewers and the Gentleman's Magazine, together with
every

every public paper, may be filled with panegyrics on his genteelness, moderation, politeness, and decency in literary debate. But if he does not in his next pamphlet accuse himself of gross misrepresentation with regard to the Italians, I will not change my note, and will consider him still as a downright calumniator, in spite of all his mighty favourers and supporters. It is true, that in his *Letters* he has deigned here and there to bestow some little praise on Italian sobriety and Italian urbanity; and in his *Apology* he really endeavours to mend matters a little. There he pours as much oyl as he can over the deep wounds he has made. But what signifies his oyling? Let him apply at once the only plaister in his power; I mean an honest general recantation: or I must still mind the general drift and effect of his book, without taking notice

tice of his fugary protestations, that he *did not mean to give offence*, and that his remarks *extend only to the narrow circle of the polite world*. If this was his intention when he wrote his Letters, he should have intitled them "*Ample Remarks on the narrow Circle of the polite World in Italy*," and not brag in his title-page, that he *described the Customs and Manners of that Country*. But the fact is, that, in conformity with his title, he used all along the most collective terms. To give but three instances out of a great many, has he not said in so many words, (page 72 of his 3d edition) that *were Italians to separate on account of indifference or gallantry, there would be as many divorces as marriages?* Has he not said in so many words, (p. 75), that *in Italy a certain knowledge of every wife's attachment to a lover extinguishes all social affection?* And has he

he not said in so many words, (page 275), that *the distinction of good and bad, I mean of chaste and dissolute, is hardly known in Italy?* Do these brutal remarks extend only to the narrow circle? And are they reconcilable with his affirmation (page 58 of his Apology) that he has *no where attempted to give a general character to the Italians?* Are not these expressions set down *in the spirit of detraction*, though he solemnly protested to the contrary, page 72 of his Letters? He calls upon me to quote his pages. Is he quite satisfied now that I have done it? His honey words in commendation of my skill in his language, may pass for a great stretch of civility with the rabble and the Monthly Reviewers, who * up-

* Instead of offering some reasonable, or at least plausible arguments against what I have urged in support of my assertions as to the notions generally

braid me horribly for my incivility to him ; yet I will not be frightened by their ferocious censures, nor will easily be induced to let the main question slip through my fingers : but

received in Italy about love, the Monthly Reviewers have only made themselves merry with my Account of those notions, and they *apprehend* that my countrymen *will scarce be able to forbear smiling* at my ideas. Without stooping to argue with these modern Plato's about their *apprehensions*, I will only tell them in the style of the French author quoted in my 8th chapter, that “ *Les hommes dépravés ne peuvent pas croire que l'amour puisse jamais être un commerce pur de galanterie et de tendresse.* ”

These same Reviewers stand likewise up in favour of Voltaire, and are of opinion that he understood all the English, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese writers of whom he has severally spoken in his works. It is not worth the while to set seriously about convincing these anonymous folks of their ignorance in these points. But, if any of them understands French, let him come forth from his concealed recess, and try

will still use Mr. Sharp as a man, who wants to hide the hand that threw the stone, when he meets with an unexpected and stout opposer. I am a cultivator of civility as well as he; with this difference however, that I love only that, which is the legitimate offspring of openness and affection, and detests that other, which is the bastard of artfulness and ill-nature.

But it is time to have done with the Letters and Apology of a man, of whose candour and civility I have given sufficient instances, and whose low malice goes even so far as to say (page 60 of his Apology)

to prove, that Voltaire's translation of Shakespeare's Hamlet shows Voltaire's skill in the English language. They may find that translation (as I said in my Account of Italy) in a book intituled *Oeuvres Posthumes de Guillaume Vadé*.

that I have *trespassed on the indulgence of the English laws* when I gave him some unanswerable reasons why it is good policy to have processions and festivals in Italy. Does Mr. Sharp then think, that he has a liberty to traduce the practices of great nations, and that one of their people abuses the indulgence of the English laws when he tells him, that they are not such block-heads and slaves as he represents them? I do not know what the *indulgence* of the English laws is, if this be to abuse it. But, till I know from better authority than Mr. Sharp's, that this is an *abuse*, I will still continue to say, that I think our legislators in Italy understand what is good for themselves better than he. I now find all his notions of liberty to be a power of reviling whatever he pleases, and that no body should have that of contradicting him. I hope

I was

I was within the rules of the English press throughout my *Account of Italy*. If there had been a licenser, I should have carried my book to him, and he would have struck out what he thought proper. But Mr. Sharp is not yet the licenser *.

* In his *Letters from Italy* Mr. Sharp has given what seems to me no wonderfully wise account both of his first and last sentiments on his seeing the pretender. In my *Account of Italy* I took no notice of that part of his book, because it had nothing to do with my design. I could not however escape some charge, that might make me obnoxious to this government. My silence upon this head has been construed into a most refined piece of politics by one Mr. Blackburn, archdeacon of Cleveland, in a book lately published.

“ *Mr. Baretto* (says the archdeacon) *takes no notice*
 “ *of Mr. Sharp’s interesting reflection upon the pretender’s*
 “ *bigottry. Shall we* (continues the archdeacon) *ac-*
 “ *count for this silence? Mr. Baretto is a Piedmontese,*
 “ *and chuses to adhere to the protestation of the dukes*
 “ *of*

I will now conclude my Appendix with telling by what accident I was induced to write my *Account of Italy*, and occasionally to confute in it those shameless calumnies thrown upon my countrymen in Mr. Sharp's *Letters*.

When after an absence of six years I came back to this kingdom, a young lady of my acquaintance complimented me for having quitted my bad country. Why, Madam,

“ of Savoy, made in 1701, against the bill for the
“ *Hanover-Succession*.

To this ridiculous conjecture I have nothing to say, but that the archdeacon would do better not to relate his dreams. I never heard before of that protestation, nor care a pin for it now that he has apprised me of it. He is likewise dreaming in his suppositions about my friends. None of them is of the fanatical kind, either in England or Italy, because I am a lover of good company.

said

said I, do you call bad a country you never saw? My country is a very good one, I think ; and there are as many good people in it, as there are any where else. Is it so? said she with surprise. Indeed I am glad to hear you say so : but there is one Mr. Sharp, a very good man they say, who has given such an account of the Italians, and such a character to the ladies there, that has made me shudder more than once : and I assure you, that, while I was reading his book, I blessed myself a thousand times, and was very thankful I am not born an Italian woman !

The ingenuity of this speech struck me, and made me presently desirous of reading the book in question. I borrowed it of her, went home, perused it through, and wondered no longer at the horror it had raised
in

in a pious and innocent mind: I then thought it my duty to say something to it, and make for once an example of these travel-mongers, who running hastily from Susa to Naples, and back again the same road, make it a constant rule to prove that they did not turn papists at Rome, by abusing all the Italians in the most shocking manner their malignity can suggest.

Had it not been for this accident, I should probably never have written the Account of Italy, nor of course this Appendix.

F I N I S.